

## **A Poetry-Lover's Mother Goose**

*Bitters, bitters everywhere, and nothing else for  
drinking.  
The albatross will get you if you don't stop thinking.*

*Four and twenty iambs jammed into a poem,  
Crusty, sour and just half-baked, but even as a dome.*

*Little Jack Scorner sat in a corner  
Making a humble pie.  
A line sounded placid, he added some acid,  
And said, "Would you rather I'd lie?"*

*Mary Mary quite contrary, how does your volume go?  
"What are little poems made of?*

*What are little poems made of?  
Scowls and bowels and underdog's howls,  
And everything you're afraid of.  
Hey fiddle faddle, the masochist's paddle,  
The swish ran away with the loon.  
My analyst laughed to see such craft,  
And he says he'll be done with me soon!"*

**-- Rosellen Brown**

*Cambridge, Mass.*

## **On First Looking Into Chapman's Barn**

*Oh, the pigeons flew,  
as pigeons do,  
and splat,  
splat,  
splat,  
fell their residue.*

**-- M. K. Book**

*Lincoln, Nebraska*